Though I May Need You

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Though I May Need You

by orphan_account

Summary

Stan should have known better than to touch strange things; Ford should have known better than to leave him alone.

At least they're sharing the consequences.

For Stancest Week 2017, January 31st: Adult Stans.

Notes

The art is by the lovely and talented thisriverdraws!

“Don’t touch anything,” Ford says as he leaves him in the hallway, knowing full well who he’s saying it to.

As far as Stan is concerned, that means this is all Ford’s fault. Ford is, after all, the one who asked Stan, specifically, to haul ass in the middle of winter up to this barbed-wire bunker of a house; Ford’s the one who just *has* to think he’s better than Stan, and speak to Stan like he’s the worst version of himself; Ford’s the one who thought it would be safe to leave little vials of powder and liquid in a place where someone like Stan could swipe one without thinking and run his thumb over the textured glass.

Like Stan could ever resist.

Whatever Ford’s forgotten takes him just long enough to retrieve that Stan has time to study the vial. The liquid inside is a pink so neon it would put a strip club to shame, and weirdly thin, sloshing at the slightest movement. He’s not dumb enough to touch it or drink it – he isn’t, really he’s not – but the cap is stupidly easy to flick open, and Stan is nervous, doesn’t like the way Ford is talking or moving, doesn’t like the claustrophobic smell of the house, doesn’t like whatever it is Ford needs his help with in the basement.

He thumbs it open and shut several times, a nervous tic, and then Ford’s voice booms through the hall: “*Stanley!”*

He jumps. It’s open. It spills on his hand.

It’s Ford’s fault.

Stan braces himself for it to hurt, or for – well, he isn’t sure what, but all that happens is that Ford cusses, loudly and brilliantly, and drops the papers he’d apparently needed. “Did it touch you?” he asks. “Tell me – did it touch your skin?”

“Yeah,” Stan says. “Sorry, man, I just – “

Ford cusses again, louder, and Stan flinches.

“Hey, just – calm down, Ford, alright?” Stan caps it again and sets it on the shelf, then goes to wipe his hand off on his coat. Before he can, Ford grabs him by the arm and hauls him through the house to the kitchen, cussing the whole way, a chant under his breath that is angrier with each passing second.

“I don’t have *time* for this, Stanley!” he says. “Maybe it hasn’t set in.“ He flips on the sink and shoves Stan’s hand under the water, not touching Stan more than necessary.

Stan, however, thinks it may be a lost cause. He just hopes it’s not going to kill him, whatever it is, because it hadn’t been much at all but his emotions are already blurring out; it is hollowing him, distorting the kitchen, Ford’s hands on his elbow, the white drifts of snow outside. “Ford,” he says, unsteadily, “what *was* that shit?”

Ford makes a disgusted noise and shoves Stan's arm away. "Something you shouldn't have touched," he says. "But no, of *course* you couldn't just *listen* for once in your life."

Normally, that would hurt. Normally, Stan would seethe, and throw back an insult. Right now, though, his world is condensing down to the water running over his hand, a pressure that is so sweet and cool that it's difficult to fathom. How many times has he washed his hands and never grasped what an amazing thing he was doing? He turns his hand, and turns it, slow, marveling at the sheer newness of the water dripping down his fingers.

Ford turns the water off.

"Hey," Stan says.

"Listen to me," Ford says. It thrums through him, vibrates deep in the pit of Stan's stomach. Stan's pretty sure it's not possible to ignore Ford, every syllable ringing in him. "This is going to be unpleasant for both of us." He pauses. "Mostly me," he says. "But you need to come sit down."

"Sure," Stan says. "Alright."

Ford's obvious displeasure doesn't rattle him. He takes the seat that Ford offers; it is another shock to the system, and Stan thinks that there is some deeper significance to the contrast of the hard wood and the water that still drips from his hand, some meaning he can almost grasp. He runs his palms over the edge, over, and over, and goosebumps rise on his arms. A thrill runs through him. "What is this stuff?" he says, again.

Ford kneels in front of him and begins to tie Stan's ankles to the chair legs, one by one. "One last indignity," he says, grimly.

Normally, Stan would fight even the prospect of being tied to a chair – he's had more than enough of that in his life, thank you – but there's something about the weight of the rope, the pressure, that makes a little shiver of pleasure go through him. "Oh," he says. "For…who?"

Ford reaches up and takes Stan's hand – the one that is dry – and tugs it forward, and begins to tie that, as well. He is closer than he's been in over a decade. Stan wants to touch him, and so he does, running his free hand through Ford's hair. Ford flinches away. "Stop that," he says.

"Hey-hey, Sixer, it's okay, no one's gonna know," he says. It's automatic, the same thing he used to tell Ford all the time, back when his reassurances meant anything to Ford. He tries to cup Ford's face, to give him the physical promise of his body – *I've got you, I'll protect you, don't be scared* – but Ford yanks away and snatches his wrist.

"Enough," Ford snaps. He's rougher with this hand than he was the other, like he needs to punish it, specifically, for Stan having touched him.

It still doesn't trouble Stan – in fact, it makes heat suffuse through him, the first embers of sexual desire stoking in him. He shifts. "Ford," he says.

Ford doesn't look up until he's finished tying Stan's hand. He sits back on his ankles, crouching in front of Stan, and lifts his head – and just like that, what had been building in him roars to life, and Stan suddenly needs Ford to lean in and mouth at his cock like he's never needed anything else in his life, more than he needs air, or water, or love. Ford realizes his mistake a second later, and narrows his eyes, and stands. That's fine, Stan thinks, he'll go

first, he'll show Ford a good time and earn his own – but Ford turns, and walks away, and folds his hands behind his back, neatly.

"Ford," he says, not caring how he sounds. "Ford, come back."

"You can never just do what you're told, can you?" Ford says. "That's always been your problem. I don't know why I would expect any different, now." He runs a hand through his hair and exhales, sharply.

Stan wants to swallow that exhale, wants Ford's disappointment on his mouth, his throat. He tries to stand and stops short, the rope scratching his wrists, and he moans, part-frustration, part-desire, arousal surging through him at his own helplessness. "I'm different," he says, "I swear, I'm a – a new man, I'll do whatever you tell me, Ford, I *swear*."

Ford turns to him, folding his hands behind his back again; Stan knows, or thinks he knows, that this is Ford's attempt to keep from touching him, and he *hates* it, more than anything. "I'll check in on you every fifteen minutes until it passes."

Until *what* passes, Stan wants to ask, but that thought is drowned by panic when he realizes Ford is leaving him. He yanks hard against the chair and nearly topples over. "Wait – Ford, wait, Ford – come back – come back!"

But Ford is already gone, his footsteps fading into whatever unfamiliar, trashed room he's deemed safest. Stan cusses, and yanks again at the rope, hard enough that his shoulder pops and pain shoots through his arm. He goes still, breathing hard. He doesn't know how to process any of this: Not the overwhelming emotions, the desire, the embarrassment, the fear, the sheer physical *need* for Ford to be near, even if he isn't touching Stan; not the physical stimulus of the wooden chair, the ropes grinding against his coat sleeves and still-soaked and cold pant legs; not the way the drug, whatever it is, is warping the world, making everything prickle, making even the gloomy colors of Ford's kitchen bright and vivid.

Stan wants to fuck Ford. He wants Ford in him, his fat cock stretching Stan, pounding him over the table, over the stove, over the counter, against the wall, hell, out in a snow drift outside, Stan doesn't care. He wants Ford's hands on him, wants them painstakingly undoing the ropes. He wants Ford's pink tongue on every inch of him. He remembers Ford's body, the pale sight of it illuminated by the summer sun, the bright red it turned, remembers leaning up against him and peeling a thin white layer away while his other hand rested flatly against Ford's trembling stomach.

Ford wants it, too. He wants it. That's why he brought Stan here, why he left the little vial out, why he left Stan on the flimsiest pretext known to man. Stan tries to stand and follow Ford to – hell, probably to his bedroom, where he's waiting with his exposed thighs spread, his cock hard against his belly. The rope stops him, again. Right. Right. Stan cusses and relaxes into the chair, leaning his head back. He tries to breathe, to calm down and focus. It's difficult when his dick is rubbing against his jeans, too tight, a little uncomfortable.

He stares at the light above him and realizes, dimly, that there is no light bulb in the fixture. God, Ford is fucked. Stan thinks about the crossbow, the frantic way he pulled Stan into him to check his eyes, the unsteady way he stepped around whatever the real problem is. (He

should've kissed Ford, should've grabbed him back and rubbed their bodies together until Ford moaned –)

This is a test, he thinks. For all that Ford prattled on about how worthless and stupid and pathetic Stan is, this is a test to see if Stan will do what he *really* wants, which is to get out of this chair and go find his bedroom and fuck him until he's senseless.

"How are you holding up?" Ford says, scaring the shit out of Stan. "Any nausea? Do you need some water?"

"There's a tall glass I want right now," Stan says. He licks his lips. Ford's brow furrows. "C'mon, Ford, don't be like that. You and I both know what we want. It's been – how long's it been, brother? C'mon."

Ford slides his palm against Stan's forehead and shines a light in his eyes; Stan groans and bucks his hips. "Good," Ford says, to himself. "Good. Any nausea?" he asks, again.

"I'm real sick of waiting for your dick," Stan says. "Does that count?"

"No," Ford says. "It does not." He clicks the light off, pockets it, and takes a step back. He's going to leave again, Stan realizes, and the panic surges up again.

"Don't leave," he says, sounding, he knows, utterly pathetic. (He is not, he decides, above Ford pity-fucking him.) "Please, Ford, don't – don't leave me."

Something strange passes over Ford's face. He lingers, as if there is something he wants to say. Then, he turns, and steps out of Stan's sight.

"Ford!" Stan shouts. "Come back! I know you can hear me! Ford, please! I'll – I'll do anything, you can do whatever you want to me, just come back! Ford! *Stanford!*"

Nothing. Stan starts to cry. It feels – really good, actually, which only adds to his confusion, his breath hitching almost like it does when he comes, the tears on his face reminding him of how good the water from the sink was on his hand, how transcendent. He is changing. He is becoming something new, something bigger than himself; this town, this sad, broken home is turning him into something greater –

The feeling drops away, and Stan is just overwhelmed, and shivering, and so turned on he could scream. "Ford," he says, "please."

His focus snaps back. That's right – this is a test. Ford wants him, but Stan has to earn it, first. Stan shifts, and begins to flex his arm to work the nail file out of his sleeve. It's slow work, because the angle at which Ford has tied him is awkward, and he keeps having to stop and moan softly at the scrape of it against his skin, imagining the places Ford might drag it across his body, the places he might trace it across Ford's. He can still remember the time Ford sat in his bunk after a shower and traced his fingers over Stan's skin, thoughtfully, like he was documenting a new type of animal.

"Alright," Ford says. Stan jolts. "How are you holding up?"

No way has it been fifteen minutes, Stan thinks – Ford is doing this on purpose, teasing him, coming back for another look at the proof of Stan's desire, his flushed face; Stan knows how he looks when he's horny, knows this has to be getting to Ford just as much as it is him. "Fuck me," he says, "please, fuck me, Ford."

"Any dizziness or nausea?"

"Just let me suck your dick," he says, "just – just let me *see* it, Ford, please, fuck – "

Ford sighs, and holds Stan's head back again, and tries to shine the light in his eyes. Stan leans up and licks Ford's wrist. Ford yanks back like he tried to bite him, instead. "Stop that," Ford snaps.

Stan goes very still, to show Ford what a good listener he can be.

Ford's hair is more disheveled than it was before; he is blushing, just enough that Stan can see it, even in this low light. He looks – not quite *pissed,* but something like it. Ford sucks in a deep breath, lets it out, and rests his palm against Stan's forehead again. "Are you experiencing any nausea?" he says, doling out the words in a voice that is meticulously formal.

"No," Stan says.

"Any dizziness?"

Stan forces his eyes to stay open, though the light hurts. "No," Stan says, which is not quite true; being touched by Ford feels so good that it's shaken him.

"Are you thirsty?" Ford says.

Stan can't resist. "For your come," he says.

Ford snaps the light off and steps back.

"Remember – remember that time on the Stan O'War, when you were burnt all to hell and I was teasing you and – and then you popped a stiffy and I started to jack you off, and you – "

Ford turns, sharply, and walks out.

"Stanford, wait! Please! We don't gotta talk about that, I – come back! Ford!"

His footsteps fade. Stan keeps screaming and pleading and cajoling and calling out his name. It doesn't work. It's – it's a test. Stan forces himself to go quiet, and calm down, and focus. He was doing something. He was – that's right. The file. Stan swallows, and shuts his eyes, and lets himself roll his hips up a few times, the tight grind of his jeans giving him *almost* enough friction. Then, he stops, and goes back to working the nail file into his palm.

The rope makes it tricky, but it's just slim enough that he manages to work it through. His relief at having it in his hand is so strong that he almost starts to weep again; the only thing that lets him keep it together is the white-hot intensity of his desire and the knowledge that

crying's not gonna get him anywhere. He takes a steadying breath, checks to make sure he's still alone, and starts to work the file against the ropes. As he does, he absentmindedly rolls his hips forward, though the pressure of his jeans amounts to basically nothing.

His ankles and wrists are starting to ache, which is sort of hot but also reminding him of all the other times he's been tied up and how terribly it went for him. He trusts Ford – of course he does – but even in this state he has his limits.

This time, he hears Ford approaching, and he hastily palms the file and straightens up, sitting as still as possible. Ford steps in, and leans over Stan, not touching him, this time, or using the light, just peering into his eyes. Stan swallows.

"How are you feeling?" Ford asks.

"A little nauseous," Stan says. "And, you know." He swallows, hoping that's not enough on its own to scare Ford off again.

Apparently not, because Ford just nods, a little absently, clearly agitated about something but – but not necessarily about *Stan.* He turns and starts to pace, fidgeting. "It may be wearing off," he says. "You seem more – rational. That's good. The sooner you're out of here, the better. I can't afford to let him – " He stops himself and runs a hand through his hair.

Stan doesn't want to correct him; if anything, the feelings are stronger, more overpowering – and it's *because* of that that he can force himself to stay still and quiet, and not beg. He's a dunce, but he's a quick study with his brother, and his desire to keep Ford near him is more important than the rest of it. Stan's life story is basically him not getting what he needs; he might at least get what he *wants.*

"It wasn't supposed to happen like this," Ford is saying. He stops and braces his hands against the counter. He doesn't seem to expect Stan to reply; that's good. "You weren't supposed to – " He stops, and looks back at Stan.

Just that is enough to make Stan squirm; he bites back a moan, barely, the noise catching in his throat.

"The longer you're here, the more likely it is there'll be a security breach," he says. "And if…" He glances Stan over; it might as well be physical, burning an unsteady line in Stan.

"Hey," Stan says, "it's okay." He doesn't know if he's talking to Ford or himself, can't tell, in his haze, if his lust is too transparent in his voice.

Ford's mood darkens. He turns away. "It isn't," he says. "But it might be, now that you're here."

It is the kindest thing anyone has ever said to him. It stuns Stan's mind into stillness, for a moment. He opens his mouth, meaning to tell Ford that he'll do whatever he can, that he'll help Ford bury the body or hide the evidence or make him a new identity. What comes out, however, is: "Come kiss me."

Ford looks at him. Stan's seen that look a thousand times; Ford is running circles in his head, trying to work out the best solution, here. He's afraid of what Ford's conclusion is going to be. He's afraid of being alone with the grim, empty light fixture, the uncomfortable grind of the ropes, the sad, almost-empty salt shaker on the table.

"I just – you don't have to do anything else," he says. "But I – "

"It's dangerous for you to be here," Ford says, under his breath.

"Okay," Stan says, "sure, but I like dangerous stuff, y'know? I – I'm a dangerous guy, and – "

Ford walks toward him, a little too fast; Stan's hope soars in him; the dizziness kicks in. The room spins. He moans, and clutches the legs of the chair, trying to ground himself.

Ford bends down and presses a hand between his legs. Just like that, Stan's world rights itself, with Ford's hand as a gravity well. Stan, the kitchen, the house, everything that's ever been exists around the pressure of Ford's hand cupping him. Stan leans forward, his lips parting, wanting to kiss him. '

But Ford doesn't give him that. It doesn't matter – Ford is touching him, is unbuckling his belt, unbuttoning his jeans, undoing *him*, his palm sweaty and hot, an unsteady touch that is one of the best things Stan's ever felt –

Stan's orgasm envelops him. It's a burst of feeling, not just pleasure – a new beginning, Ford's voice tolling still in his heart, *it might be, now that you're here,* Ford needing him just as badly as Stan needs him.

When it ends, he is still hard, his cock flush against his belly, his shirt dotted with come. His shoulders are killing him; he must've yanked and bucked.

Ford takes his hand away and straightens up. The outline of his own erection is visible through his slacks; he is frowning. He holds his hand away from himself; Stan watches his own come drip down the curve of Ford's thumb and forefinger. "How do you feel?" he asks. "Better?"

"You know," Stan says, "I do."

Ford hesitates. "That worked?"

"Yeah," Stan says. "So…so, man, can you…" He wiggles his fingers. "You gotta show me something, right?"

"…right." Ford goes to the sink and rinses his hand off; Stan shuts his eyes and takes a deep breath, steadying himself. If he can keep it together long enough for Ford to untie him –

Ford is on his knees, untying his ankles. Stan stays perfectly still, though his mind is running him ragged with all the things he wants to do, that he wants Ford to do to him. Ford's voice is on a loop in his mind, *it might be, it might be, it might be,* a belief in Stan stronger than he's had in years, maybe in his whole life.

When Ford begins to untie Stan's wrists, he brushes Stan's bare skin, and Stan gasps. He lifts his head. "You're – sure the effects are – "

"Yeah," Stan says. "It's just – it hurts, man. You left me here for an hour."

Ford doesn't answer that, and doesn't move for so long that Stan's compelled to look down at him. He is squatting in front of Stan, his fingers buried in the knots he made; he is not, like Stan was afraid, looking at his still-erect cock, but at the pink marks the rope has left on Stan's skin just under his sleeve. Stan swallows. He wonders if Ford's going to apologize.

But no – he goes back to untying Stan's hand, making quick work of the knots. Stan leans his head back and gazes at the ceiling. When Ford has finished untying him, he stands and backs away; he fiddles with the rope. Stan tugs his jeans up over his erection and rubs the soreness out of his wrists, then his ankles. Ford watches him, more and more impatient.

Well. Stan's waited all this time; Ford can wait a little, too.

"So," Ford says, briskly, apparently feeling in control of the situation again. "As I was saying, I have something to show you. It will be difficult to comprehend, but – "

Stan tackles him.

Ha – see how you like it, Stan thinks, or maybe says, as they start to struggle, Ford shouting and bucking under him. Stan is the one in control, now; Stan has surprise on his side. He snatches the rope out of Ford's hand; Ford decks him, so hard he topples off. It doesn't matter – it feels *great,* a pleasure just as intense as Ford's cupped palm had been between his legs.

They grapple, but it's not for long; Stan manages to pin Ford onto his stomach, and from there, it's just a matter of tying his hands as Ford squirms and curses under him, spitting with anger.

It doesn't matter to Stan, not like this, not when he *knows* Ford wants him. He fumbles with the rope, the burn of it making sparks of pleasure go through him – and then, with a satisfied moan, sits back on Ford's thighs to admire his handiwork.

Ford twists his wrists to test the rope and shudders, hard. "Stanley," he says, "what are you – "

Stan bends down and buries his nose in the crook of Ford's neck; he can press flush against Ford, finally, *finally,* and he lets himself do just that, covering Ford with his body and breathing him in. Ford's quick, shallow breaths puff against the floor tiles.

"Bill?" he says, very quietly.

Stan kisses the back of Ford's neck. "I'm Stan," he says. "Y'know, your brother?" His hips begin to grind against Ford's ass. "You need to get some sleep, man." He mouths wetly along Ford's jaw, the stubble scratching his lips. "I can put you to sleep."

It's odd; finally being able to fuck Ford has had a calming effect on Stan's desperation. He's still hornier than he's ever been, still wants to fuck Ford out of his mind – which he needs,

Stan thinks – but he can take his time, now. He slides a hand through Ford's hair, stroking him slow, slow. Ford makes a soft noise in his throat and shifts, lifting his hips.

"Do it, then," Ford says, not quite angry, anymore.

Of course he isn't – it's his fault. It's what he wanted.

Stan holds him down and lets go.

*

They make their unsteady way through Ford's home – from the kitchen, to the living room, to the stairs, to a room with a futon where Ford pushes Stan down and sucks him off. Outside, the snow falls in sheets, building on the windows; inside, sweat drips off their bodies. Their desire burns through them, an old fire finally fed and stoked.

When it finally, finally passes, Stan is so exhausted he drops without thinking into the blissful quiet of sleep.

He wakes some time later; it is dark outside, the snow barely glowing. A lamp is on at the desk, and Ford is awake. At first, Stan thinks he's reading; his head is in his hands, and he is bent over a book. But the longer he watches Ford, the more aware he is that Ford is simply looking, sitting very still. He's more exhausted and awake than he had been before, and is visibly bristling with fear.

Stan sits. "Hey," he says.

Ford jerks in surprise. "You're awake."

"Guess so." Stan awkwardly tugs the sole blanket over his lap. "You, uh. Get any sleep?"

Ford shakes his head. "I can't," he says – not, as Stan expected, with fear or anger, but flatly, a matter of fact. The dread that had crept into Stan as he approached the ring of barbed wire yesterday comes back, dripping blackly into his gut. "Get dressed. We need to go downstairs."

Stan doesn't argue.

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